Some Illustrations.

Therefore, in enlisting in our service, as

schemes of decoration, the flowers of the field or of the garden, the first step should

field or of the garden, the first step should be to study them closely—not at one time only, but at all stages of their growth—and then, having gained an intimate acquaintance with the suggestions which nature has placed at our disposal, consider well how these suggestions may be applied to purposes of ornament. Illustrations of the principle indicated are given in the accompanying beautiful designs for floral embroidery. In the first of these a tulip has been selected to form the scheme of decoration for an embroidered panel for a screen. A study has been made first of all of the biossom exactly as it was seen growing; its adaption to the required purpose is shown in the drawing. In which it will be seen that the natural forms are reproduced—simplified, indeed, but following the original with absolute fidelia.

cteristic line and curve. Embroidery pur-nd simple commends itself as the mos-ultable method of treatment for this class

o the frieze of a curtain or portiere is

Study of Flowers' Traits.

100 HORSES AND 3 MULES.

FOR THE MAN WHO SMOKES.

"Why not?"
"Because ma has done been and got married yesterday, and I had to wait for my breakfast."
"Got married, has she? Anything to make you late at school. What won't she do next, I wonder?"
Then Johnny went up and whispered something in the teacher's ear that caused him to explode with laughter, and all dur-

him to explode with laughter, and all dur-ing the rest of the day the teacher smile

How He Took It.

From the New York Weekly.

Contractor—"Did you offer that alderman \$500 as I directed?"

Secretary—"Yes, sir."
"How did he act?"
"He looked insulted."
"What did he say?"
"He said I ought to be in the penitentiary."

Purely External.

"That hard boiled egg gave me a head-ache."
"You shouldn't eat hard boiled eggs."
"I didn't eat it. A fellow hit me with it behind the ear."

Descriptive.

"And you say this whisky is fifteen years old in sked the prospective purchaser.
"No," rep'led the somewhat scrupulous distiller; "I said it was 15-year-old whister."

without any apparent cause.

From the New York Weekly.

iary."
"What did he do?"
"He took the money."

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Columbus Journal.

sign from nature.

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF AN ELIZ-ABETHAN MANSION.

Etwall Hall and Its Quaintly Cut Yew Hedges-Amusing Story Which Relates How One Brother Outwitted Another.

From Country Life. Etwall is one of those sequestered villages of Derbyshire, England, left high and dry by the tide of progress, but with its



THE FRONT VIEW.

tween the Porte chapel at the east end of the north aisle and the chancel, the alter tomb to their memory still remains, and there are brasses to other members of the Porte family also in the church. The justice's son, another Sir John Porte, was the founder both of Repton school and of the hospital or almshouses at Etwall. These almshouses were built originally in 1557 and stand near the church, but the present interesting structure, with a qualit picturesqueness in its grouping of seventeen small houses along three sides of an open square, dates from 1681.

Building of Etwall. What manner of house the Portes dwelt in we may imagine, but do not know. A quaint letter has been preserved, describfing how the devil, in the shape of a fu-ling how the devil, in the shape of a fu-rious hurricane, visited it in 1545. He be-gan his course in Needwood, eleven miles from Derby, and, coming to, Mr. Porte's house at Etwall, pulled up two great elms by the root, and, hurrying off to the church, stripped off the lead and threw it on a neighboring elm where it "heaved church, stripped off the lead and threw it on a neighboring elm, where it "hangyd upon the bowys like stremars." A new mansion seems to have been erected in Elizabeth's time, when Etwall had come to Sir Thomas Gerard, of Bryn, ancestor of the present Lord Gerard, who married one of the Porte co-heiresses. The Elizabethan house has been transformed and refronted. It stands amid its fine trees and quaintly cut yew hedges, preserved from olden days with a subtle classic charm, its many windows and balustrades, its low terrace and forecourt, with the sun dial and inclosing grille of iron, being full of quiet beauty.

To such places romance seems to belong, but there is nothing in the external aspect

charm, its many windows and balustrades, its low terrace and forecourt, with the sun of quiet beauty.

To such places romance seems to belong, but there is nothing in the external aspect its early history.

Secret Room Discovered.

An ingeniously contrived "priest's hole," with secret communication with the celling and root, has somewhat lately been brought to light within the walls of the house. Sir Thomas Gerard had need of such a place. Like Sir Thomas Fithershore the house. Like Sir Thomas Fithershore the house is the contribution of the proposition of the progressive work was more stand the month of the proposition of the progressive work was more stand the month proposition of the p



THE YEW ARCHWAY.

the third of them when the minister begged that he should be removed. It was a tri-umph for the brother, but the episode was raised in the indictment of the knight. Sir raised in the indictment of the knight. Sir Thomas Gerard had a son who was a Jesuit. He, too, was east into the Tower and tortured by being hung up by the wrists, while vinegar was poured down his throat. His agony procured him respite and, perhaps through collusion, he escaped by a rope over the ditch and fied abroad disguised as a servant in the train of the Spanish ambarrador. His autobiography tells his remarkable story. tells his remarkable story.

Lust of His Race.

The last of the Gerards to possess Etwall was Sir Thomas' grandson, who sold the estate in 1611 to Sir Edward Moseley. The retained it only five years and then d of it to Sir Samuel sliegh, a gen-who was thrice married and there ority for saying his third wife was is authority for saying his third wife was buried exactly a century after the death of his first. It was from Sir Samuel Sielgh that Etwall passed to the Cottons, who still possess the beautiful and interesting old place and in whose hands it has assumed the aspect it bears. To speak of the gardens of Etwall at any length is unnecessary. Their charm is that of the old-world pleasance. That well-kept, curiously shaped yew hedge is quaintness itself. How happily are standard roses enhanced in effect by such a background. Then the archway of yew is another fine and distinctive feature and there is charm always in the presence of an old mulberry tree. In such a garden the visuas are beautiful and against the dark yew hedges every flower, be it lily or rose, and every bright leaved bush or tree, becomes like a jewel in that beautiful setting of green.

Scientific Proof. From the Danville Commercial.

From the Darville Commercial.

"Hov you seen this, Pat?" said a Danville maiden of Irish birth. "It sez here, that whin a mon loses wan av his sinses, his other sinses get more developed. F'r instans, a blind man get more sense av hearin', an' touch, an'."

"Shure, and it's quite thrue," broke in Pat, who could not wait for the article to be finished. "O'l've noticed it meself. Whin a mon has won leg shorter than the other, begorra, the other leg's longer, isn't it now?"

ENGLISH COUNTRY HOME SIR WALTER'S OWN ROMANCE. NATURE TO BE COPIED Ruskin Was Wrong When He Said

That Scott Was Ignorant of Love.

The true story of Sir Walter Scott's love for Williamina Stuart, as told in the July Century by a descendant of one of his intimates, shows how far astray Ruskin went when he said that the romancer had never

when he said that he foliable: has hever known the passion of love.

We come now to the year 1796, the most momentous period in the history of this sad first love of a noble mind; and it is also the point from which may be said to date the calumnies that have darkened the memory of beautiful Williamina Stuart. These were twofold. It has been asserted, both in pub-lished statements and by the easily deceiv-ed yox populi, first, that after having given Welter Scott, the timest possible smooth ed vox populi, first, that after having given Walter Scott the utmost possible encouragement, and virtually engaged herself to him, she then deliberately threw him over when a more welcome lover appeared; secondly, that she did this dishonorable and and dry by the tide of progress, but with its ancient church, its hospital for the aged, its hall and its rustic cottages and neighboring farms.

Like many other village churches in Derbyshire, that of St. Helen at Etwall has important Norman features within and is interesting, though church wardens beautified it long ago. It possesses the monuments and memorial brasses of those who once dwelt in the hall and founded the hospital. Before the suppression of the monasteries it belonged to the priory of Beauvale in Nottinghamshire, but in Henry's reign Etwall came either by royal grant or by his marriage with the daughter of John Fitzherbert to Sir John Porte, justice of the king's bench, an important man of the law, much in the royal favor, who was concerned in the condemnation of that great Englishman, Sir Thomas More. Porte's second wife was shire family and, when he died, he desired to be buried beneath the arch in Etwall church, "where I and my wyff had used commonly to knele." There, be-

her letter occasioned, which, entre nous terminated in a very hearty fit of crying." Williamina had written with the gentle terminated in a very hearty fit of crylng."

Williamina had written with the gentleness and sweetness which were her prevailing characteristics, and probably from this fact Scott does seem to have, unfortunately, derived some hopes which had no real foundation, as it is plain that, although they met frequently afterward in Edinburgh, there was no change whatever in the footing on which they had always stood, and Scott apparently did not attempt any further avowal of his attachment. Just at this time he brought out his first poem, a splendid translation of the wild German ballad of "Lenore"; and a friend of his prepared for him a beautifully bound and ornamented copy to be by him presented to Miss Stuart. The gift could not be refused from the young author, and Williamina intimated that she had appreciated and admired it; but the matter went no further, and the fatal climax of his unreturned affection was at hand. In the autumn of that year Walter Scott went to stay for a few days with Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart at their country seat, where he had frequently been received before with the friendliness and hospitality which were natural to them. It was the last visit he ever paid to them, for their daughter let him see at once that his hopes were finally in vain, and that the affection he so long had tried paid to them, for their daughter let him see at once that his hopes were finally in vain, and that the affection he so long had tried to win had been given unreservedly to William Forbes, who was emphatically her first as well as her last love. It is probable, as we have seen, that Scott, in his anxious hopefulness, had misinterpreted some expression in Williamina's written answer to his avowal of his love for her; but, apart from all other proofs that there never was any engagement between them, William Forbes was far too honorable as well as too proud a man to have sought her had he known that any such existed. Scott was his own intimate friend, and the fact of his betrothal could not have been concealed. betrothal could not have been concealed intimate as they were, had it ever taken

place.

The fact that Williamina had never known a feeling save that of friendliness to any save the man who became her husband is clearly shown in a letter from Lady Jane Stuart to her future son-in-law, Sir William Forbes. Apparently this lover also had been diffident and doubtful of winning the prize so many covered and had emilled the prize so many coveted, and had applied to the mother of his lady love to tell him without reserve how far he had gained her affections.

"Hortense," he said, "I loved yer wunst and I do yit, but it can't never be. A gulft has come between us,"
"Honri! Honri!" the weeping girl implored, "you must—you shall take back them words!" he answered, "Our fam'lies is no longer in the same class. It is fate. We must part. I cannot marry beneat' me." me."

"Oh, heavens!" she cried, "what has come over him? You haven't got rich suddently, because you're wearin' them \$8 clo's you got last winter. I must know the troot. Tell me, Honri, tell me all, and I will be brave. I will try to bear it."

Then he gave ker a parting kiss upon her pale, chaste forehead and replied:
"My Uncle Bill druv the carriage what was hired to take Jeffries to his hotel from the denot! But I will always remember you wit' tender feelin's."

Disappointing an Admirer.

Disappointing an Admirer.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

It is related of Tennyson that he was once followed around the halls of the national gallery in London for hours by an enthusiastic admirer in the hope that he might let drop some pearl of thought which could be treasured in the memory and repeated with pride as coming direct from the poet's own lips. But Tennyson nosed around the pictures gloomily and said nothing whatever for a long time, although the lady who accompanied him snoke now and then. Finally he opened his mouth to speak, the admirer drew nearer, and listened eagerly, only to hear the great man wearily remark: "Well, now, my dear, if you will sit down and rest. I'll go out and get some beer." Whereupon the too exacting enthusiast went away disconsolate, carrying the wreckage of a fallen idol.

A Celestial Reproach.

From Life. Dorothy-"Mamma, if I should die, would go to heaven?"
"Why, yes, darling; of course you would."
"And if you should die, would you go to heaven, too?"
"I hope so, dear."
"I hope so, too; because it would be very awkward for me to be known as the little girl whose mother was in hell."

IN EMBROIDERING FLOWERS USE REAL BLOSSOMS FOR MODELS.

Coloring Will Be Better-Explanation and Examples Given of What Can Be Done With the Poppy and the Peony.

From the Queen. A branch of embroidery which opens out one of the most alluring aspects of the art of needlecraft is embroidery, so to speak, "from nature." One is often struck by the way in which workers miss their opportunties by proceeding on the "no-eyes" principle of the boy in the old story. Every one who embroiders is almost sure, at one time or another, to take flowers for her subject, and yet how comparatively few

there are who, while engaged on working

flower design, will gather a handful of



ADAPTATION OF THE TULIP TO A DE-SIGN FOR A SCREEN PANEL.

ly varied tints of nature's own models. Once realized, the delight of thus drawing one's inspiration from the fountainhead will increase a hundred-fold the actual will increase a hundred-fold the actual pleasure of working, and render tediousness an impossibility. One has often wondered whether the "Careless Matilda" of our childish days—the object at once of such an impressive moral and so much secret sympathy—would not have shed fewer tears over her sampler if the "polyanthus, bright and wondrous gay," given her to copy had been a blowing and a growing flower instead of its counterfeit presentment, "a flower not worked amiss." The poor little maid would surely have forgotten some of the wees of her tangled skelns in striving to catch something of the velvety bloom, and match some of the

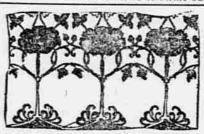




er were truthfully reproduced; their method of treatment was sufficient proof of the knowledge the designer had acquired, from careful study, of their various character istics. The idea is a delightful one and to istics. The idea is a delightful one and many workers may prove full of sugges iveness as an embodiment of memories some country home or of a sojourn amouthe woods and fields. In this instance, course, the embroideress was also draughtswoman, but it is equally possible and profitable to call nature to our aid the working of designs not our own; si will enhance indescribably the interest working a good design and will infallib point out, if we have eyes to see and intelegence to profit by her leading, the defections of the service of the ser

NATURAL PEONY.

Workers who are possessed of the gift of originality, or who are endowed with an average amount of artistic perception, will



A CONVENTIONAL DESIGN FOR A FRIEZE ADAPTED FROM THE PEONY

"I hope so, too; because it would be very awkward for me to be known as the little girl whose mother was in hell."

Two Souls With Different Thoughts.

From Pearson's.

There was something in his manner that led her to think he was about to propose, so she murmured:

"I think that every woman craves some strong nature upon which she can lean in an emergency."

His face became white.

"What is the matter?"

His face became white.

"What is the matter?"

"I thought," he gasped. "that you had already been taught to ride your bicycle."

"I loop so, too; because it would be very awkward for me to be known as the little study of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest
guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest
guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest
guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest
guide to good achievement. Without it, instudy of nature is the truest and surest
guide to good achievement. Without it, a line of their own and to evolve designs

dent of the English Society of Designers, in a lecture recently given at a meeting of the society, in which he laid stress on the fact that conventionalism is not the disfigurement or distortion of nature, but, properly carried out, is the quality which enhances the interest and beauty of a design from nature.

MISS WELD WORKS ALL DAY IN A TECH. BLACKSMITH SHOP.

tudying Marine Architecture, and This Is Part of the Course-Her Strong Arms Fashion Iron Bars With the Best.

From the Boston Herald. A bright faced girl works with hamme and anvil at a forge in a shop next to the railroad tracks at the foot of Garrison street. Her name is Lydia Gould Weld, the hop is part of the Massachusetts Institut of Technology, and she is studying to be

naval architect. Women blacksmiths are not unknown in the world, but Miss Weld is the first young lady to make a detour from the path



er or plant the idiosyncrasles of its growth are often omitted or overlooked, whereas they should in reality be made use of to the fullest extent. Anyone who has studied the growth of the common poppy will be familiar with the sheathlike manner in which the leaves at their base clasp the stem—a characteristic which among others distinguishes this type from the Iceland and Shirley popples. The arrangement and growth of the petals in any particular flower or, indeed, any peculiarity by which it is marked, should always be carefully noticed and due weight given to it in the drawing of the design. In working out any of those given above, and using the natural flowers as a guide, the worker will find in how strong a degree they carry out the principles of true conventionalism in 'following, but not defying nature.' If she be desirous of making an excursion for herself into the fleids of design, they will doubtless prove of assistance to her in the undertaking. of the higher education of women into blacksmith and machine shops. She is 21 years old, and is the daughter of the late Franklin Weld of Falmouth. While attending Technology, she lives with her relatives, the George F. Seavers. She is an attractive girl of medium height, with brown hair, blue eyes and a merry laugh, which does not go at all with the popular conception of the erudite woman. She has not had a college education in the classics, but is well up in mathematics. Before com-ing to the Institute of Technology she was pupil at Miss Baldwin's fashionable

school at Bryn Mawr.

The modern marine architect has to know all about the machinery, especially of the How Little Girls Tell Their Fortunes and How Their Pians

Work Out.

There was a little girl on the street cars yesterday who was acting very queerly. That is, certain "grown ups" who have forgotten the ways of little girls seemed to think so. She was sitting very queltly beside her mother but her bright eyes were watching the streets closely for something. Every now and then they would sparkle land she made a queer little gesture. She touched the end of her second finger to her tongue and doubling up her first struck it into the pain of her other hand.

"Ninty-five," she said under her breath. "Ninty-six. Ninety-seven." Each time making the gesture.

What could the child be doing?

Just where little girls learn some things is a question. Probably from their grown up sisters. However it may be, there is a way whereby little girls grown up sisters. However it may be, there is a way whereby little girls can tell who their future husbands are going to be. They get together and agree to count white horses until they get 160. Then they must see three white mules and after that the first young man who meets them is the fated one. Just how the meeting takes place is a marter of previous arrangement among the little girls. It may be the first one who shakes hands with them or who opens the door for them or who gives them some thing.

Then, of course, there is the contest of seeing who will get the 160 horses first—to say nothing of the mules. That was what made the little girls grows be a may have made the little girls eyes sparkle yesterday.

Then, of course, there is the contest of seeing who will get the 160 horses first—to say nothing of the mules. The beating the other than the mules of the other than the first than t hydraulic and electrical type, and their principles of operation must be firmly

thing.

Then, of course, there is the contest of seeing who will get the 100 horses first—to say nothing of the mules. That was what made the little girl's eyes sparkle yester—

In the Blacksmith Shop.

day.
"Only three more. Just think, mamma.
Then the mules. I'm beating the other
girls all to pieces." In the same shop with Miss Weld are working about fifteen young men, some graduates of universities, or sons of manufacturers, who have here more facilities for learning rapidly than in the shops of their fathers. Mr. J. R. Lambirth, the instructor in blacksmithing, was greatly surprised when Professor Peabody sent the young woman to him. Out of kindness of his heart, he gave her the coolest corner of the shop, near open windows. The working hours are from 9 to 4:39 o'clock each day, except Saturday, with an hour off for dinner. Promptly at 9 on the first day Miss Weld appeared in a reat black dress, Miss weld appeared in a reat black dress. FOR THE MAN WHO SMOKES.

An Explanation Regarding Matters

That Men Never Could

Explain.

Because the single cars that run on South Walnut have so little room on the grip the Metropolitan company has made certain rules for the man who smokes. This is the reservation for such of the last four seats on each side of the coach. There is a sign to this effect on the back of every one of those eight seats which ought to make the fore isputies. And yet the back of the store above the eibow, displaying a plump and muscular arm.

the reservation for such of the last four maving inite asside ner street closures in any seats on each side of the coach. There is a sign to this effect on the back of every one of those eight seats which ought to make the fact significant. And yet the better half of women seem to be innocently they are fondest of sinking into.

"And that isn't the worst of it," growled the smoker, "they even have the nerve stier they've deliberately sat down in the smoker, "they even have the nerve stier they are fondest of sinking into.

"And that isn't the worst of it," growled the smoker, "they even have the nerve stier they to deliberately sat down in the off the smoker. The grip cars were originally meant for men but you women have monopolized them so that in self-defense last seas reserved for oursering and these last seas reserved for oursering and these slasts seas reserved for oursering and the continued a state of the state of t

A ring four inches in diameter of quarter-A ring four inches in diameter of quarterinch rod was given her to duplicate, the
idea being to accomplish the task with as
few hammer taps as possible, so as not
to dent the rod out of its circular shape.
She had hers ready in an hour or so, and
it was so much smoother and prettier than
the handicraft of one of the young men
that he felt mortlified. Then she tried her
hand at a symmetrical twist of iron, which
would keep a skilled architectural ironworker awake nights to duplicate inside of
two days. After that she tried fagot welding, being given three scraps of iron, which
she forged into a single bar. This is not
so easy as it seems, and many an apprentice blacksmith has become vexed in spirit
to see the cracks in plain sight and one
or two stray ends sticking out.

The students may keep the articles which
they fashion in iron. Some of them assemble the objects on boards and hang
the boards up in their rooms. If Miss Weld
does this, her girl friends who have nothing
but crochet and embroidery to exhibit will
have to lower their colors. She chatted entertainingly of her work, declaring that
she enjoyed it very much, that her hands
were becoming toughened to it, and that
she did not consider it so hard as a game
of golf.

Mr. Robert H. Smith, the instructor in inch rod was given her to duplicate, the of golf.

Mr. Robert H. Smith, the instructor in the machine shops, is looking forward with pleasure to the time when he will have

Miss Weld for a course in filing and chipping and lathe and planer work. He believes that blacksmithing and bench work are the hardest part of the manual work, and then if the young woman finishes them as strong as her present remarkable work indicates, she will have no trouble whatever with the lathe, planers, milling machines and drills. A student of mathematical turn of mind, as Miss Weld has, is found to excel in machine handling where the work is mostly planning and estimating.

ing.

Mr. Smith recalls but one case of a won an excelling in blacksmithing. It was of a Scotch lassie of 16, who, having learned her father's trade by constant blowing of the bellows of his forge, entered into competition with the young men of the village at their Caledonian games, and beat them all in the quickness and skill with which she forged a horseshoe.

IT FAILED TO WORK.

An Instance in the Life of a Man and His Wife Who Was a Christinn Scientist.

From the Detroit Free Press.
"I don't know whether to get mad or to laugh it off," said Smith. "My wife lately has become an enthusiastic convert to has become an enthusiastic convert to Christian Science, and she has made life a burden to me. As near as I could get to it her idea was that everything that is isn't and everything that isn't and everything that isn't and everything that isn't is. "We started to visit my wife s sister, who lives west of here, the other day, but my wife took so much time getting ready that I saw we would never be able to catch the train. I pointed this out to my wife when she was ready at last and she settled me with a look.

"There is no such thing as time,' she said. We have only to make up our mind that we will find the train waiting for us and it will be there."

"Rather than argue with her I allowed myself to be dragged down to the station, knowing full well that we would find the train gone.

"My wife walked into the station with her."

wife walked into the station with her head in the air, froze the gatekeeper, who tried to stop her, with a look, and boarded a train that was waiting.

"There," she exclaimed as she settled herself in the seat, 'you see the triumph of mind over matter!"

"Poor woman, her triumph was short lived. The conductor took one look at the tickets that I handed out to him and said shortly:

tickets that I handed out to him and said shortly:

"Wrong train. You will have to get out at the next station."

"I wanted to laugh when we found ourselves put off at a little station with only one house in sight, but I didn't dare, besides when I discovered that we had a wait of six hours ahead of us before another train came, I didn't feel like it.

"I suggested to my wife that she make up her mind that we were at home and not at a little jay station with a six hour wait ahead of us, but she snapped out that if I opened my head again she would get a divorce. divorce.
"I discovered some books burning in the grate the other day and upon one of them I saw the title 'Mind vs. Matter.'"

HE CARVED IT HIMSELF.

Mr. Miller, of Harrison, O., Will Pre sent Admiral Dewey With

m the Cincinnati Enquirer. Mr. Peteer Miller, an old soldier residing at Harrison, O., is a great admirer of the peerless Dewey, and when he ascertained that the great admiral had started for home on the fighting Olympia he concluded that he would add a present of some kind to the great collection of such that would to the great collection of such that would be handed to the sea dog upon his arrival in God's country. Mr. Miller's finances are not corpulent enough to justify the pur-chase of a loving cup or a gold sword so he concluded to call on nature for the ma-terial from which he could produce a gift that would be unusual and useful. Mr.



A DEWEY CHAIR

How He Knew Her.

From the Boston Globe.



THE REAL DICK TURPIN

THIS HERO WAS A VERY COMMON. PLACE SCOUNDREL.

Crown Inn, Hempstead, Where He Was Born-Evidence Given at His Trial-His Execution -Turpin Relies.

So much myth has gathered around the history of Dick Turpin that it would not be history of Dick Turpin that it would not be a difficult task to almost prove his non-ex-istence. And then what would the school-boy do? In the gallery of his heroes there is none greater than that famous gentleman of the road.

Whether Dick Turpin was such a hero as the schoolboy imagines him to have been is another, and wholly irrelevant, consideration. There can be no question, however, that he was a choice scoundrel. In the proclamation issued for his arrest in 1737, he is described as a native of Thaxted, in



Essex, but that assertion is wrong. He was an Essex man, it is true, but it was at Hempstead, and not Thaxted, he first saw the light. Some years ago, the Crown Inn. at Hempstead, which is pictured in one of the accompanying photographs, was adorn-ed with a board recording the fact that ed with a board recording the fact that Dick Turpin was born within its walls, and there are no adequate reasons forthcoming to disprove that assertion. The exact date of that event will probably never be known, but the parish register attests that Richard Turpin, son of John and Mary Turpin, was baptized in the village church on September 21, 1705. On the coffin in which he received a felon's burial at York in 1739 his age was given at 28, but the Hempstead record proves that he must have escaped the gallows for thirty-four years at least. And he might have escaped for many more years than that if he had resisted the temptation to shoot a game cock. It happened in this manner. Turpin was in hiding in Yorkshire, under the assumed name of John Palmer, and, by cleverly stealing horses and then selling them to gentlemen with whom he used to hunt, he managed both to provide himself with daily bread and maintain a considerable position in the world. His horse thefts, the latest of which yielded a harvest of a mare and her foal, were not found out, but the charge brought home to him of shooting a game cock led to a train of evidence which brought the appropriation of the mare and her foal to his door. Arrest and trial followed, and then there gathered such a cloud of witnesses around Turpin, including several Hempstead natives who had known him from birth, that it was no difficult matter to hang the noose around his throat. Dick Turpin was born within its walls, and

Evidence at His Trial.

Whose would disentangle the real Dick Turpin from the mythical article must rely very largely upon the evidence given at his trial in York, reported by one who described himself as a "professor of shorthand." The Hempstead witnesses were almost indecent-Hempstead witnesses were almost indecentify loquacious, and appear to have bent their best energies toward securing the conviction of their fellow villager. Whether they were jealous of the fair name of their native hamlet, or were merely taking a belated revenge for some of Dick's boyish escapades, does not transpire. They told, however, how Dick's father was born an innkeeper and a butcher, how Dick was a wild spirit from his enrilest years, how his parents tried to sober him by marriage, and how, by the appearance of a rejected letter at the postofice, they had been able to identify the John Palmer in prison at York with the Richard Turpin too well known by them all.

with the Richard Turpin 100 well known by them all.

That proclamation of 1737 already alluded to described Dick Turpin as "about 30, by trade a butcher, about five feet nine inches high, brown complexion, very much marked with the smallpox, his cheek bones broad, his face thinner toward the bottom, his visage short, pretty upright, and broad about the shoulders." Of the actual bearing of the man in the face of reliable witnesses there is nothing more explicit than the record of his execution, which took place at York on April 7, 1739. "The notorious Richard Turpin and Jack Stead," says the historian,



DICK TURPIN'S BIRTHPLACE.

"were executed at York for horse stealing. Turpin behaved in an undaunted manner; as he mounted the ladder, feeling his right leg tremble, he stamped it down, and, looking around about him with an unconcerned air, he spoke a few words to the topsman, then threw himself off and expired in rive minutes." He had duly arranged that he should be lamented in some fashion, for he left £3 lês to five men who were to follow his cart as mourners, in addition to hatbands and gloves to them and several others. The body, inclosed in a "neat coffin," and bearing the inscription, "J. P. 1739, R. T., aged 28," was buried in St. George's churchyard. In a short time, however, it was "snatched," and the mob, hearing that it was to be dissected, made for the house to which it had been taken, and, placing it on some boards and covering it with straw, bore it to the grave again. They took the precaution, too, to fill the coffin with lime, and so render any subsequent "snatching" a useless enterprise.

Opposite the Crown Inn at Hempstead there is a clump of trees planted in a circle, and known as Turpin's Ring. How the highwayman's name came to be associated with this circle of trees is a mystery. It is also puzzling to account satisfactorily for their having been planted in this unusual shape. The local tradition has it that this was the village cockpit, or even the scene of Hempstead bear hailing in the good old times.

Another Turpin relic may be seen at Dawkin's farm, a mile or so from the village. This is merely the decaying trunk of the famous Hempstead oak, in the bounds of which Dick is reputed to have hidden from his pursuers. It would not furnish much of a hiding place now, but in Turpin's day it was a living forest giant, with a girth of seventeen yards, and branches spreading over a circumference of 166 yards. DICK TURPIN'S BIRTHPLACE.

A Sartorial Hint.

Customer-"Will these pants bag at the Dealer-"Mine frient, no pants will bag at de knees if you treat dem right. I tell ou how before you go. It ees my own in-Customer (delighted)—"Then I'll take them. Here is the money. What is your plan"" Dealer-"Neffer sit down."

The Real Thing.

rom the Chicago Times-Herald. Mrs. Winkley-"Is your husband a brave

man?"
Mrs. Bronston—"I should say he was.
Why, once he jumped right in front of a
swiftly moving train and saved a little
child from what seemed certain death."
Mrs. Winkley—"Oh! that's no indication. Would he have courage enough to
grab the cat when it was having a fit, and
throw it out of the house?"